The Absence of Little Wesley.

Sence little Wesley went, the place seems all so

why, I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the

And to think I used to scold him for his everlastin'

When I on'y rikollect him as the best o' little

I wisht a hundred times a day 'at he d come trompin'

And all the noise he ever made was twie'd as loud

It 'ud seem like some soft music played on some fine

Instrument, Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little

Of course, the clock don't tick no louder than it us

Yit now they's times it 'pears like it u'd bu'st itself in

And let a rooster, sudden-like, crow som'ers clos't

And seems 's of, mighty nigh it, it u'd lift me off the

And same with all the cattle when they bawl around

In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk, and dew, and

Wesley went!

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Now are the days of perfectness, When every gale is like a kiss—

A long, sweet, odorous caress.

When life is one delicious dream,
With Hope still young and Love supreme,
And moments perfect as they seem.

All care, all pain has taken flight,
The shadows checked with squares of light,
And wheeling upward with delight
The larks expand their yellow throats,
And drowning in their mellow notes
The robin's soul to heaven floats.

Where leans the elm the mock-birds call

And from the shadowy branches tell
The oriole swings,—a golden ball,
Or drops with dazzling splendor down

Deep, deep into the fragrant gloom Of snow-flakes blown to apple bloom

And o'er the peach-hid garden wall

The blossoms in a pink snow fall, Waltz to the music of the trees,

Swept by the almond-scented breeze Through long melodious symphonies

Oh, may my last days be like these,

God's love through all life's mysteries, Till from the far-off dreamy west The dim cloud islands of the blest

Waft hitherward their perfect rest.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

And let me live, as one who sees

In through the great wind-haunted hall

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PENELOPE'S ELOPEMENT BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

At five-and-forty Penelope Budd was "simply outrageous," as her brother told her she wasand before that he had never had a cross word for her. My aunt, who was her confidant, told us that she had long been restless; in fact, ever tince an old love affair Penelope had once expepienced. It was not restlessness that made her sutrageous now, but that she was, at her age, ozitively entagled in an affair of the heart, he adored the man; she might have adored Caliban had that monster appreciated her poor gentleness as this other did, and as no man had yer done before.

"May be his ebon ringlets, his ivory-like teeth, and his mournful smile had something to do with it," she used to say, "though I don't

She had a dangerous machine covered with leather, in which she had had people for many years to inscribe themselves hers till death; this rehicle she called an album, though the rest of the world had various names for it.

"Pen, it is very silly," said my aunt, "very." "You don't understand," Miss Penelope answered, "and I'll leave it with you to look

My aunt found on its first page a love verse from the young man of years before, she knew it was his, because the attached signature had been erased, while the signatures to all the other verses remained untouched; it shocked her that Miss Penelope could bear to have other verses after that first one, and with a sort of contempt she returned the book to its owner. Percy De la Roche coming along from Nowhere or its near vicinity, restless Miss Penelope pro-duced her leather volume, and he wrote: Also, alas, could it be That I might win a thought from thee

bis was the beginning of the remarkable age for sleepless nights, although when he kept this affection for her she to feel how my heart

ook rested.

sed not ber I

ber heart said farew

he knew that now

would speak against her to the man who knew

orty. John, at that same supper-table, was not

tul you don't become a party to one of his

indeed, he had told her a hundred times too

"Rescality!" she repeated. "My name, I ould hope, is fully established."

Who said anything about your name? Of

ures, you are old enough to have established upon as firm a basis as the pyramids of Egypt.

ing about a man not marrying his

uppose you rouge a little, Pen."
brotherly thrust, for he recol-

life when she had

teriously disappeared times within the last

red sot tell her whom

slove known that such

suspected Percy

timently have gone a terrible mess of

fter all. And not

y clear to accuse

of it they would

which he held in

John had told

to be in the village

ntance sake. Now,

e la Roche was not

t of her money, for

uded upon without

ious article which

been too afraid of

he mind of the

n unless he had a

waited remittances

wing land of No-

her sense of hon-

nid cost John so hived a great many Dreadnought was

d they used to say

re than ever to

tue of her pilfer-

about her. For

John's crossness

in the next room,

WAS

uspess lest

earfully came to

al for John to be angry;

am my own mistress."

everty too ardently, te a pauper." your money?"

> and consequently as had John for that followed was che left her the day first time, the poor ere had been some r in the very begin-

"What?" sight of any incon-"I know that you were with him when he at tempted to blow open that safe, which would have blown the roof off as well. You were with oung days, when she him, or else how did that flannel robe come ear a man had come here! I could swear that he has been loitering -all these qualities about the house for hours. Where is he?" e and fortieth year Had Percy caused her downfall? And he was loitering around to see her safely away, for Penelope had arranged to go alone and meet pently, so guardedly her feeling, and it. This man him in the cars, thus keeping him apart from her as long as possible. And he was accused of attempting to force the safe! Poor Percy! "Go of the florid althe inaugurator to your room!" commanded John. "I see you do ents attacking her not intend to answer me. I shall lock you in that room if it is necessary. I shall take care that you do not wander around the house anyhow. I he loved him more g in it all the great appreciation. t, she awoke from at he was drifting have a warrant for the arrest of this man. There! It shall be served on him early in the morning. If you've any modesty at all you will no power to hold keep in your spartment and not make a spec-tacle of yourself before Sam Smith if he should er a word of inthat now. Then, happen to drop in." pretext, he asked to riven her, and in a confessed that it Hurrying up to her room, Penelope set about tearing up her bed clothes. Then, lost in

thought, she sat down. Up she rose and threw where some things in a bag, placing the immortal al-bum in the side pocket of the bag, she could not be separated from that book which had once hat if she said only rested under her pillow. Then she wept. word of further con-"John is beside himself, dear, kind brother. er never to return. The thought came to her that it was miserable herself for having to leave in anger the only soul who had leved her for years—John. She would, she would! She would go to John's bedside and kiss him as aven and herself that senseless little ne slept. But he must not know it, he must not he left her that day wake to hinder her from going to Percy. She wetted her handkerchief with chloroform; he must im for all time, for uld never understand. From that time, she sale, she believed a little inhale that lest he should wake and interpose. She believes to this day that she grew crazier every minute of that night. She crept through b tone came into her voice. No one knew that it was anything to her that he engaged himthe dark house to John's room, guided to his bedside by his even breathing. Her bandkerself to another girl. She and John were invited to the wedding. That noon she left her room in chief ready for action, she stretched out her the gravest array and most powerful bonnet."
"But. Pen," cried John, 'how awfully pale band to find the pillow, when her fingers struck against a foreign cold body, and somebody else was bending over her brother. Penelope was very bold then; she let the saturated handker-Without a word from her, her pixched face turned to his, he understood her then. She had a hard time of it for a little while. John chief fall on John's face, for he must not be endangered in combat with an intruder, and she old her she must not go to the wedding, her plunged forward and grasped the foreign cold body—a pistol in the hand of a body not quite white face would surely tell on her. But she had provided against the possibility of pallor—for her absence, according to the reasoning.

so foreign. "Percy," she gasped, "would you commit: murderous crime to gain possession of me here the album was kept. So she went up blush on her cheeks, and her eyes sparkling He had the chloroformed handkerchief to his ves when she led him repeutent from the room. from the cologne water dropped into them. She She hurried him away-yes, she must go with at that wedding and was very gay, especially with the bride and groom. Fearful that it was him if only to prevent a nameless horror; she must even go without the thousand dollars she but natural for one with unreciprocated affec-tion to be subjected to ridicule she tried to ward off anything of the sort by being kind and forbearing to every one had promised, and must depend upon Percy's remittances coming in time. She sped from the room and threw from the window the line she had made of the best clothes, for she dared not pass John's room again, and she would do this sh all the world knew what only she and or ber bosom, she had often and often thereafter brother jealougly guarded her from. She was extravagant thing in order to merit a blame

sought to expend it, growing restless yet not more old in mind because more years had de-veloped girlish tenderness into a species of ex-When the late night train left the station, one May this short explanation serve to show how often the old never-to-be-forgotten time swayed her as it did the day after Percy De la Roche of its very few passengers was a nervous, shaking old woman who, when the cars were fairly in motion, made a movement as though she had left her after he had proposed marriage!

Ah, well, she made a hearty supper off chops
that evening, did Penelope Budd, at five and would get out; but on looking from the window, and, seeing John Budd and Sam Smith running along the platform, she sank back groaning. "He was in my room, he chloroformed me. John was yelling. Thus was Percy De la Roche "I don't know why you and that fellow are so much together," he blurted out suddenly. "I tell you now, as I have told you a hundred times, that he is a rascal, and you had better be wrongfully accused once more.

brother jealously guarded her from. She was

At the next station the old woman flew to the car door as though she would get off here at any rate; John Budd and Sam Smith were on the platform. Again she sank back. The old woman glanced about her. "Thank the powers there is no one but me in

this car. Her thanks were scarcely expressed when the loor opened cautiously and Percy de la Roche nationated himself into the aisle, a bundle in his arms-his elopement bundle. He crouched upon a seat like a hunted man, not noticing the I am referring to your loose tongue in speaking of money matters. I know he quizzes you. And I am ashamed of your carrying on with him—Sam Smith, looking in at you two to-day, mutold woman at the other end of the car. That old woman was hysterical, she fumbled at her dress-pocket, her finger-nails rattled upon

a bettle there. She hobbled through the lane "Who are you?" panted Percy De la Roche; "I thought I was alone. I have been hiding under the car: I am bruised and shaken. Did you see two men-two determined looking men on the platform just before we started? Those men are on this train-I am hiding from them. When

that fallow's sister -Ah!" "She is going to run away with me this very night, a thousand dollars with her. I'll meet her yet, if not on this train, then somewhere else; old Penny is bound to turn up. I have her handkerchief and a bottle of chloroform, a little angesthetic will do her good and I must have that thousand dollars. She put the idea of chloreform into my head. I'll meet her, though she will not let me escape her: and then comes in the missing. This the chloroform and then the thousand. I'm giad you're deaf, aunty, for I must talk some of this excitement off, and it's better for all hands that you shouldn't hear. Ah, if I had my hand on Penny's thousand and-Look here, aunty, you must hide me from those men till I can make my escape; you must sit on me and cover me with your shawl and pretend to be asleep when the

conductor comes along. The old woman felt feebly at her pocket. "Hold on!" he cried, snatching the bag out of her hand. "I have a better idea. I want your seissors." He tore the bag open and found the scissors, while the old woman seeming to bave lost the power of speech, tried to muster suf ficient strength to put out her hand "A little 'lily-white' too!" he said. He found

Surely the old woman was trying to drag her voice out with her hands that tightly encircled her throat, as he threw the bag aside without having meddled with its side-pocket. "You--you are going to marry that lady you

"Halloa! you have a voice-you've heard me. tool Marry her! Marry my grandmother; might as well marry you. I want the thousand, old idiocy. Here, look sharp! I want you to cut off all my hair, my whiskers, moustache and all. Those men must not find me, and old Penny-" she was apparently an old woman who took people at their word, for so forcible was the grab she made at his hair that she pulled his bead was more angry down into her lap, jabbing the scissors right

and lest, despite his struggles and remon-strances. Then the scissors fell from her hands, and sitting there paralyzed she heard the op-probrium he heaped upon her, while he put a little whitening carefully over his face and opened his elopement bundle and took from it various articles with which he deftly altered his appearance until there stood before her an the world had given her! Could she, dared she tell John of her prospective marriage now, after that accusation of Percy!" his appearance, until there stood before her an aged, mumbling fellow with a pair of unmis-takable goggles hiding his eyes and a volume of sermons tucked under his arm.

than ever because he had caused her grief and been betrayed into unkindness-beard John de-

liberately call Percy a thief. She saw it then-

and to think what Percy offered her, and what

She immediately made up her mind what re-

She went abroad and found Percy; she tol-

him he must elope with her, delay was danger-

"Because I shall not trust myself with John

any longer-don't ask me what he has said and

done, it was simply dreadful. He-oh, he

"Don't ask. Let it be to-morrow night--the

the elopement. John would prevent it if

knew, I am sure of that, for he accuses you-

"I think I can take a thousand dollars for im-

"Angel," he cried, and kissed her. Penelope shuddered the more at the celestial appellation.

She had made up her mind to rob John's fire

"At any rate," she wailed to herself, "it wi

She turned to Percy and saw in him a liquida-tion of all her indebtedness to John, of all the

old-times indebtedness to her and wrought upon

and excited her one aim was for a possible hap-

of which she had never been compensated.

piness that had eluded her long ago, for the loss

How the next day passed she never knew, ex-

At last the night came. John in his sleeping-room, and Penelope glided down to his office. First let me impart what was further on her

mind-she meant. Johen she was safely escaped

with Percy aid in a car, to inhale chloroform, so that no contrision might be here until the

minister had married him to her and

for her to go back would be impossi-ble. Penelope's ideas of the action of an anæs-

thetic being figurative; for John's new anger

wounded her sorely, and his mention of rouge and Sam Smith's opinion of her worked mightly in her mind, and made her fear that she ought

to rou from Percy rather than with him, which

must be preposterous. So in her pocket as she went down to John's office was a bottle of

chloroform ready for the journey later on in the

In one hand she carried a bag of gun-powder, which had been left over from John's autumnal week's shooting; in the other hand was a box of

matches. She meant to blow open the safe, as

"I think I'll put my fingers in my ears and

lope also having original ideas of the action of

She happened to think there might be some

"I'll smother it," she said, and went for a robe

Just as she struck the first match she heard

John's step and put out the light. He caught

her. She had one of her spells. When she had recovered he said sorrowfully: "I don't blame

you, Peu; you're only a tool in the man's hands.

Tell me-did he escape by the window?"

of flannel and wound it about the safe. She

was past all wavering now.

she had heard of burglars doing, for she never

knew where John kept the keys of the safe.

"Why?" be demanded confusedly, "why?"

mained for her to do.

"Of what!"

she said gloomily:

Take it indeed!

mediate expenses," and shuddered.

only be as a wedding present to me."

"You're my wife," he said, dragging her down beside him. "Sit down and have me read to you. Lay your head on my shoulder. If you budge an inch or say a word it will be your fault whatever happens. Quick! here comes the conductor. Here is my ticket," and he thrust it into her hand. The conductor found a loving old couple.

"See, Mr. Smith," he said to some one peering into the dim car beside him, "only a bomely old man and his wife. Though I don't remember you, old gentleman; the old lady got on a good "Penelope, nothing should hinder my ac-ceding to your wishes, but that my remitway back, but-"Both on together," quavered the old man.
"Nancy and I. Nance, why don't you give up He paused, evidently expecting her to take up the thread. She did not for some time. At last

the tickets!"

Nance gave up the tickets, and the conductor and his companion left the car. After that it seemed to the old woman that she was cognizant of nothing until the train thundered into a station and stopped. The old man scuttled off without a word. The old woman struggled to her feet and staggered out to the platform, frantically asking when a train re-turned to the village from which she had come. She was told that there was no train till the morning. Some kind creature witnessing her agony spoke of a Mr. Smith and a lawyer who had been searching for a forger; they would go her way in a carriage and would possibly give her a lift. A lively man mentioned a freight train which started in a little while carrying

ing in town. That was the train the old woman scrambled into, standing up in a corner surrounded by good-natured but bibulously facetious com-

some factory hands who had been having a meet

She appeared to be fumbling at that pocket of here all the way, and someone heard her groan, "What has my life been that I should care for And then the village where the Budds lived was reached, and before anyone could stop her,

old woman had vaulted out into the darkness and disappeared. Running, stumbling, falling, up and on again, she reached Penelope's home, was under Penelope's window in the back of the house, her hand on the long swaying cord of bed-clothes that dangled to the ground. She heard a knocking

before the train had come to a stand-still, the

"Merciful heavens! John has reached home before me. He is pounding on my room door. And then she was on the rope, going up hand over hand, in her terror not realizing that she was doing what she had not done since she was a tom-boy playing with her only playmate, her brother. She was in at the window, had pulled up the rope and thrown it under the bed, had snatched off Grandma Dreadnaught's bonnet and cap, threw the bag with the album in its

pocket to keep company with the rope. "What is it, John!" "You sleep like a rock, Pen. Open the door; I have something to say to you." "Wait till I slip on a wrapper." "You needn't mind me."

She opened the door a crack. "Have I carried the odor of chloroform with But no; Penelope had smashed the bottle in her pocket as she came up the rope."
"Don't be so sleepily stupid, Pen. That scoundrel has escaped us. A regular villain; he has broken into the bank to-night—he has forged Sam Smith's signature. We have been taken in, and you have been very nearly impli-cated with him because of your intimacythough, I suppose, I was a greater fool than you, and worried over my own losses; for, doubtless, your tamiliarity with the man was only one of your soft kindnesses for a lonesome looking fellow, and one who had seen sorrow. We must hush matters up as much as we can. and now that that wretch is gone-"

She flung the door wide open.
"Oh, John, John! I've been such a dunce," and she cried as though her heart would break. Such a dunce!"

"So have I been," said a strange voice, "in let-ting him slip through my fingers."
"Merciful powers! Who is that?" she shrieked.
"Only Sam Smith," said simple John.
"You needn't mind me," explained Sam Smith,

'such an old friend as I am."

Needn't mind him! Penelope had a spell.

When, two weeks or so after this Miss Penelone brought her album to my aunt's house in order to burn it there, not wanting any one at home to see her do it, she was very quiet and shrinking, though my aunt in those two weeks of nursipg Miss Penelope had learned a little of what is told here. After the book had been reduced to a little pile of gray ashes in the fireplace, Miss Penelope regarding the feathery mass suddenly cleared her throat.

"Eliza," she said, "after Mr. Smith saw me in that queer trim outside my chamber-door that night I-I-well when he asked me to-day I really could not help saying, yes, I would marry him."

"Penelope Budd!" "Yes," went on Miss Penelope, musingly. "He had much sorrow in his life, and his wife died years ago. He owns that he always liked me. "Penelope Budd," cried my aunt thoroughly aroused, "I think, without exception, you are the most shameless woman I have ever come

Miss Penelope's head drooped lower and lower, and the gray ashes of the album were stirred by "Yes, dear, I know," she said. "But then I never told you quite all my story; I never told you the name of the man who was so much to

me in my young life and the loss of whom altered and made extravagant much of my later years. He was-he is-Sam Smith!"

HOW TO BOOM A CITY.

Pay Some Attention to the Moral and Religious Fixtures of the Place.

Rev. Dr. Munhall to Business Men of St. Paul, Re-He started out with the assertion that Christianity lay at the foundation of all commercial and industrial prosperity as it was the fountain spring of social purity. This was demonstrated in the high attainments of our modern civilization. St. Paul is to-day among the most prosnerous cities of the continent, but take away its churches and its schools and it would immediately become a place of desolation only fit for the habitation of bats and vampires. "Your railroads, and your jobbing houses, and your manufactories," Dr. Munhall said, "all minister to your prosperity and are noble monuments of your enterprise, yet take Christ out of your community and your population would melt

In this age of industrial progress and social refinement people will not live where they can not have an air of Christian influence within which to rear their families. A man may be debased in his own instincts and practices: still he longs for pure surroundings for his family. At Ocean Grove, the most popular summer re-sort on the Jersey coast, not a drop of liquor is allowed to be sold within three miles of the place; there is no card-playing, no horse-racing, no prize-fighting and the most Puritanical restrictions, yet he knew of fifty saloon-keepers of Philadelphia who owned cottages at Ocean Grove and sent their families there every summer because they wanted them to be under the healthy moral influence of this quaint Puritan

"You business men," Dr. Munball said, "as a rule, do not give enough attention to the care of your children. You leave that to your wife to look over while you are absorbed in your business pursuits, forgetful of the fact that poor tired mother has more than her hands full already. I see a great many boys on the street here at night. They are not all of the riff-raff. Many of them are well dressed and are the sons of business men. They are learning more devilment in one night on the streets here in St. Paul than the Sunday-schools can take out of them in a whole year. I will take the liberty to point out to you business man how you are making a mistake in booming your city. You are good boomers and have good results. Still you can improve your methods a little. For illustration, you depend on the East as the source from whence you draw your population. The most the Eastern people know of your great Northwest is what they read in their newspapers. And what is that? They read items of prize-fights, Sunday base-ball games and scandals. That is what the press agents are instructed to send out, and nothing more. They hear nothing of your churches and your colleges and your great jobbing houses, your railroads and your manufactories. Patey Cardiff, the prize-fighter, is about the only Northwestern man our Eastern people ever hear of. Casting aside all sentimentality and looking at this matter in the light you business men are supposed to see things in-on the line of dollars and cents-I submit to you the question, is this a good boom method? Don't you think you could bring some influence to bear on the East-ern press to give you more judicious advertis-ing! It is my mission to preach a free salvation, and I do, yet even by the business standard of measuring everything by dollars and cents, von must be convinced that Christianity is a good

> Milwaukee Spring Poetry. Awake and call me early, mother, Call me early, mother dear; For I'm going to shovel snow, mother, And get the sidewalk clear.

> > - Evening Wisconsin.

READING FOR THE SABBATH.

I know not by what methods rare, But this I know God answers prayer. I know not when He sends the word That tells us fervent prayer is heard. I know it cometh soon or late:

Therefore, we need to pray and wait.

I know not if the blessing sought Will come in just the guise I thought. I leave my prayers with Him alone Whose will is wiser than my own.

Sunday-School Lesson for May 13, 1888. THE LORD'S SUPPER .- Matt. xxvi, 17-30. Golden Text-For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.-1 Cor. v, 7.

When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but just go on, A-whistlin' aind o' to theirse'v's--sence little Weeley's And then, o' nights, when mother's settin' up uncom-mon late. A-bilin pears or somepin, and I set and smoke and Tel the moon through the winder don't look bigger'n And things keep gittin' stiller-stiller-stiller all the I've ketched myse'f a-wishin' like-as I clumb on the To wind the clock, as I hev done fer more'n fifty year'—
A-wishin' 'at the time hed come for us to go to bed,
With our last prayers and our last tears, sence little
Wesley's dead! -James Whitcomb Riley, in The Century.

his body and the wine his blood? 9. What was the new testament? Points for Class Talks-1. "The disciples came to Jesus" for His ideas and orders. 2. "When wilt thou that we prepare?" Our part of every great work. 3. "One of you shall betray me;" one of each little company. 4. "Woe unto that man." 5. "Take, eat;" invitation to many. 5. Blood of the covenant; how sacred

SPECIAL APPLICATION. The Meaning of the Lord's Supper-1. It is the symbol of a great deliverance from the bond-"saved by the blood" 3. Christ breaks the bread to each one. 4. He writes his promises in his own blood, and will surely keep them. 5. It is the feast of true brotherhood, of the new family. 6. We are benefited only as our faith sees the Christ behind the forms. 7. He points the

way to a final feast of victory. The Sacrament-We have come to call it "the sacrament." This refers to the keeping of the feast. The Roman soldier took at certain times his oath of allegiance to the emperor, and this was his sacramentum. The early Chri tians used this word for each time they partook of the Lord's Supper—they renewed their allegiance to

The Hill Pasture. In silky balls beside the stream

The pussy willows stand,
Where thick the yellow cowslips gleam
Upon the reedy land. Religious Notes.

-Edwin S. Hopkins.

And up the hillside, green and steep,
The lacing dogwood boughs
In fleecy glimpses show the sheep
Like blossoms as they browse. The redbud trees are wrapped in rose, The elder throbs and pales, And launched by every breeze that blows

The elm seeds spread their sails. They float like shining spangles bright, Adown the sunny air, And cargoes sweet of sheer delight Unto my heart they bear.

In happy dreams I watch the flocks,
While like a lavish king,
With golden key the day unlocks
The treasures of the spring.
—Evaleen Stein.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

Sweet herald of Phingari's silver reign,
Red rays of light, glow in the leaden sky;
E'en now, emerging o'er the hills, on high,
Amid the clouds she mounts, and o'er the plain, A mellow lustre throws; each spire and vane A mellow lustre throws; each spire and vane
In wondrous glory gleam; the rivers vie,
And far away, unto the searching eye,
Doth glitter fair, the cottager's red pane.
Oh, regent of the hight, how fair to me,
And ever welcome; 'neath thy mellow rays
The soul forgets its weary pain, and free,
Unmindful of the intervening haze,
Doth view again, hill, valley, river, lea,
And slumb'ring forest, erowning childhood ways.

-Alonzo L. Rice. DANVILLE, Ind. Plant a Tree. He who plants a tree

Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free. So man's life must climb From the clods of time Unto heavens sublime. Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree, What the glory of thy boughs shall be!

He who plants a tree Plants a joy; Plants a comfort that will never cloy; Every day a fresh reality. Beautiful and strong, To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree He plants peace. Under its green curtain jargons cease, Leaf and zepher murmur soothingly; Shadows soft with sleep Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree, Of the benediction thou shalt be

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth; Lafe of time, that hints eternity! ughs their strength uprear, New shoots, every year, On old growths appear. Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree, Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree He plants love: Tents of coolness spreading out above Wayfarers, he may not live to see. Gifts that grow are best; Hands that bless are blest Plant. Life does the rest!

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be. -Lucy Lardom, in Youth's Companion.

The Death of Grant [By Mel W. Fuller, appointed Chief-justice, read at the Grant Memorial meeting in Chicago, Aug. 10, Let drum to trumpet speak-

The trumpet to the cannoneer without, The cannon to the heavens from each redoubt,
Each lowly valley and each lofty peak.
As to his rest the great commander goes Into the pleasant land of earned repose. Is heard no more the sound of war's alarms

The bugle's stirring note, the clang of arms, Depreciation's tongue would whisper then-Only good fortune gave to him success. When was there greatness fortune did not bless Not in his battles won, Though long the well-fought fields may keep their

But in the wide world's sense of duty done.

The gallant soldier finds the meed of fame; His life no struggle for ambition's prize, Simply the duty done that next him lies. And as with him of old. Immortal captain of triumphant Rome,
Whose eagles made the rounded globe their home,
How the grand soul of true heroic mold Despised resentment and such meaner things, That peace might gather all beneath her wings.

The weary hero lays him down to rest,
As tired infant at the mother's breast,
Without a care, without a thought of fear, Waking to greet upon the other shore The glorious host of comrades gone before. Earth to its kindred earth; The spirit to the fellowship of souls! As slowly Time the mighty scroll unrolls

No lamentations here:

Of waiting ages yet to have their birth. Fame, faithful to the faithful, writes on high His name as one that was not born to die. My Pitiable Transformation. I who was young so long. Young, and alert and gay, Now that my hair is gray

Begin to change my song.

Now I know right from wrong.

Now I know pay and pray,
I who was young so long,
Young, and alert and gay.

Now I follow the throng, Walk in the beaten way, Hear what the elders say, And own that I was wrong-I who was young so long. -Robert Louis Stevenson.

Prayer.

-Christian Register.

Mon. -Matt. xxvi, 17-39......The Lord's Supper.
Tues.-Exod. xii, 1-27.....The Passover.
Wed.-1 Cor. xii, 17-34.....The memorial supper. Thurs.—1 Cor. x, 1-24......The cup of blessing
Fri.—John xiii, 1-17......The Saviour's example.
Sat.—John xiii, 18-35.....The new commandment.
Sun.—John xvii, 1-26....The Saviour's intercession. We cannot easily understand the great

Christian sacrament of the Lord's Supper without some knowledge of the old Passover feast. We find the germs of the one in the other. The Lord, in celebrating the Passover supper with His disciples just before His death, used its forms and language to introduce the Christian feast, and the beautiful symbolism of the Paschal feast found its real meaning in the body and blood of "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Our Lord, after celebrating with His disciples their national "fourth of July," then draws out the spiritual meaning of the lamb as about to be realized in His own death for the deliverance of every sinner from the slavery of sin. This Christian rite is to be celebrated in all ages, and so the cross became the great symbol of our salvation.

Some Points to Study Up-1. What was the feast of unleavened bread and how celebrated? 2 What and when the Passover! 3. How did they make ready the Passover? 4. How was the table arranged for the feast? 5. What was the betrayal referred to? 6. What was the dish into which they dipped? 7. Where was it written about the betrayal? 8. How was the bread

and binding. 7. "For the remission of sins."

Church at Work: When was the Psalmist way down in the mouth? When he sang, "I am like a Pelican." It is one of the greatest mercies in the world for God to give a man a heart to do good with what he hath given him.

Hinton: A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a continual reproof. Carlyle: I have always found that the honest truth of our own mind has a certain attraction for every other mind that loves truth honestly. Sins do not thrive singly, but go in troops, one being always found in close company with the others, and selfishness is usually the king of the

The home mission secretaries of the Presbyterian Church report receipts for the year of \$784,000, which is \$130,000 more than any previ-In 1880 there were not more than 5,000 Jews

in the Holy Land. Now there are more than 30,-000, of whom a considerable number are wealthy or well-to-do. It may be said that the hardest thing in the world is to do right one's self; and the easiest thing in the world is to see where others fall

short of doing just right.

Rev. Dr. W. F. Morgan, for over thirty years rector of St. Thomas, New York, has been made rector emeritus by his attached parishioners, with a life annunity of \$7,500. Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, pastor at Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, and one of the editors of the Missionary Review, has re-signed his pastorate and will take a much need-

ed vacation. Two million and a half is said to be the number of persons who are slaves to Sabbath toil in America, and the New York Evangelist says they generally receive no more than six days' wages for seven days' work.

The Congregational Sunday-school workers of Boston propose raising a \$100,000 memorial fund in honor of the Rev. Asa Bullard, the pioneer Sunday-school worker, who has just died. The money will be a permanent fund for the carrying on of Sunday-school missionary work in this country.

It is said that, at one time, General Gordon had the idea of utilizing the Moslem power for the civilization of the millions of equatorial Africa, because Mohammedanism established a sense of responsibility to God and the fear of God, both of which have always proved elements of progress elsewhere.

Oliver Wendell Holmes: Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is stoful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character unless one feeds largely also on the nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevo-

A letter written by Robert Moffat to his parents just before he set sail for South Africa -he was then a lad of twenty-two-contains these words: "Oh, that I had a thousand lives and a thousand bodies, all of them should be devoted to no other employment but to preach Christ to these degraded, despised, yet beloved

George Eliot: Oh, how short life-how near death-seems to me! But this is not an uncheerful thought. The only great dread is the pro-traction of life into imbecility or the visitation of lingering pain. That seems to me the insurmountable calamity, though there is an ignorant affectation in many people of underrating what they call bodily suffering.

Miss Mary Graybiel, a missionary in India, has not only raised money to build a church, but was her own architect and master builder as well. No other workmen being available, she taught the natives how to make bricks, how to saw trees for flooring and how to quarry stone. The building, although rude, is well put

together, and serves every purpose. Dr. A. T. Pierson recently declared that for eighteen years his ministry was almost barren of results, and in explanation says: "God said to me, 'If you will give up the idol of literary applause, and give yourself to rescuing the per-ishing, I will give you souls.' I said, 'I will do it.' Within eighteen months God gave me more souls than in the eighteen years before."

The Churchman prints in its issue of April 28 a letter from the Right Rev. Mgr. Leon Bouland, of New York city, honorary private chamber-lain to his Holiness, Leo XIII. addressed to the Pope, withdrawing from the Catholic Church. He says he does so because he cannot subscribe to the teachings of the syllabus and the doc-trines proclaimed by the last Vatican council; and because he cannot "admit the pretensions of ultramontanism, claiming as he does, absolute authority, not only in matters religious, but also in matters scientific, philosophical,

social and political." Cumberland Presbyterian: Happiness must be planted in the heart and life. It never grows up outside. We seek it in vain in external things. If you are not happy in your own little town, or in your country home, you would not be happy in the city, or in a palace. If you are not happy as a pour man, Vanderbilt's money would not cure your pain or discontent. Outside things no doubt have some influence, but no outward good can cure the heart-sickness of death, or satisfy the immortal longings within.

And no calamity or affliction can destroy the
peace of a soul stayed on God.

> How happy is he, born or taught, That serveth not another's wil Whose armor is his bonest thou And simple truth his utmost skill -Sir Henry Wotton.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show, That merey show to me.

New Weapon in Naval Warfara. New York World. When the United States man-of-war Enterprise pointed her guns at the city of Tangier I over again.

the Moors laughed in a mockingly mirthful manner. When, however, an English photographer turned his camera upon a group of seven Moorish soldiers the Orientals arose in fear and slew him. Perhaps it would be well to arm the yesse's which this country sends to Moorish waters with photographic outfits.

St. James Gazette.

VICTIMS OF HEMP. Not Those Who Stretch It, but Those Who Eat It and See Strange Visions.

Speaking from personal knowledge, the writer of this paper can assert that the first experiences of a hemp eater are far from agreeable. For about an hour after taking a couple of spoonfuls of the hemp no effects whatever are evident. Then, a feeling of chillmess comes over one, increasing to a sensation of severe cold. Then the pulse rises; and, after taking a whiff or two at the narghile as it is passed around, the full toxic effects of the powder are experienced. The room seems to turn round; the people near appear to rise to the ceiling; the pulse beats with extreme rapidity, and the throbbing of the heart becomes audible. The will remains un-affected; but thinking becomes impossible, for one cannot recollect anything-the ideas seem to slip away. In another ten minutes the characteristic indications of hempeating appear. Every object around attains a monstrous size. Men and women seem of Brobdingnagian proportions, the cushions upon which one sits seem fit for giants, and any trifling obstacle in the way when you attempt to walk appears so big that you fear to step over it. The room in which you may be sitting seems to stretch beyoud the rance of sight, and one fancies the street outside is receding before one's very eye. All sense of time is lost now, and when he is spoken to, the hemp-eater fancies there are long and apparently senseless intervals between the words. His own attempts at speech are similarly marked, the syllables come slowly, laboriously, and minutes seem to elapse between the begining and end of a word.

In this stage it is usual to partake of more coffee, which changes the nature of the sensations. A whiff at the parghile that always accompanies the beverage, and the body seems to rise into the air and float about, though, inexplicably enough, the feet keep firmly pressed to the ground. Then one's legs and arms appear to drop off, and life and sensation concentrate themselves, to one's thinking, in the back of the head, which feels full to bursting. Gradually strength leaves the smoker; the pipe slips from the nerveless fingers; will altogether fails and the body seems to rise and float away in space. A heavy, dreamless sleep usually succeeds such an indulgence in the drug, and, as a rule, the novice awakes none the worse for the evening's experiment. A little lemon juice removes any sensation of nausea or light headache that Old and experienced hemp-eaters go very

methodically to work. They say that to relish hemp one must first abstain from all stimulating food and drink for a brief period; for only after a short fast can one taste to the full the delights of hashish and render one's system fully susceptible to its influence. So, for several days previous to the "orgie," the experieneed hemp-eater eats no meat, drinks neither wine nor spirit, lives mainly upon vegetable food, light pastry and ripe fruits, and smokes little. On the day of the debauch he rises very early and fasts till the afternoon, when the friends who are to join him arrive. They prepare for dinner by taking a strongly-charged pipe and inhaling the thick, white smoke. A light meal is then served, in which plenty of sweet pastry figures, and each of the company retires to his cushion prepared for the evening's indulgence. Musicians are stationed at the end of the apartment, dancing girls are introduced, or if the host is a very wealthy man be orders his own slaves in. Hemp boluses are passed around, and the pipes well charged with the drug. For this purpose tobacco is first laid in the bowl, upon this a small charge of pure hashish extract is placed, and the whole is fired by means of a glowing ember of charcoal and saltpetre which has been mingled with honey and dried. Strong and well-sweetened coffee is handed round, and while the dancing and music go on the smoker begics.

Lounging back they suck the smoke into the lungs and air passages, sending it forth again through the widely distended nostrils; and, gazing upon the forms and faces posturing and re-volving before them, the hasbashin swims off in a sea of blissful content that verges upon ecstacy. As soon as the pipe is exhausted strong coffee without sugar is taken, and this rouses the dreamers from their vision of delight. But a bolus of hemp cake and another pipe well charged stimulates afresh the excited imagina-tion, and sends them off again into their dreamlands. The singers chant their love songs, and the almebs sway in their passionate dances. This goes on for hours, fresh pipes and coffee being passed round at intervals, the smokers waking from one dream only to go off into another. Such an orgie, indeed, is sometimes protracted for two or three days. Then lassitude and ex-haustion ensue, and the hashashin experiences a sort of revulsion against the drug, which lasts for some weeks, when the longing for it returns. In many parts-among the Baktaches, for example—there are regular gatherings for hemp-smcking, just as the Nsairie of Syria meet on certain days to drink hemp tea. The poor find opportunity for indulging in the drug in the so-

A Vain Trust.

And we lost the way where the treasure lay, Near the sunset's golden rim.

The new moon's golden car.

And we said, as our bands clasped fondly,

What, though we found no gold,

Than the rainbow's sack can hold."

And years with their joys and sorrows

And we still clasp hands with the olden joy

General Sheridan's Daughter.

We have many bright children here in Wash

ngton and their repartees form some of thelbest

stories of society. I heard one on one of Phil

Sheridan's girls the other day. A crowd of

children were together playing, and among them

was the daughter of a respectable gentleman named Harvey, who is not, however, very good looking. We will call her Mamie Harvey. Lit-

tle Miss Sheridan said, so the story goes, to Miss

Harvey: "Do you know, Mamie, that I think

that when the goddess of beauty passed through

"Well, may be she didn't," replied the little

Miss Harvey. "But do you know what my

father says about your father?"
"No." replied the little Miss Sheridan, while

"Why, he says that your father is an Irish-

man, but that he did some good for his country

during the war, and on that account I may

come out and play with you a little now and

Of course the other girls laughed. Some on

Sympathizing with the Judge.

You never hear of a hod-carrier going to

millionaire and complaining that he is tired be-

cause he has been carrying bricks all day. He

would get no sympathy if he did. But see how differently a man in a humble position treats a man of position when he complains. One of

our best and most hard-working judges went up

to the bar of the club the other day to get a

drink. He felt affable. "Give me a long drink.

John, I am very tired. I have so many things

to carry in my head in court that it tires me

said the kindly barkeeper. "I know how it is

A Georgia Tomahawk .

A curious and historic Indian tomahawk has

been unearthed on the banks of Richl and creek.

in Greene county, Georgia. Its historic inter-

est consists in the fact that it has been identi-

fied by old settlers as the ax wielded by Cuss-

tuggee, one of the most dreaded Indian braves

who resisted the advance of the pale-face into

that part of the country. In size the toma-

hawk is as large as an ordinary ax, and is much

thicker and heavier, yet Cusstuggee is said to have wielded it as though it were a mere toy.

It has still a keen edge. It is of block quartz

Passionate Love.

She-Do you love me, darling!

myself, carrying in my head all the drinks the

"I can sympathize with you, Judge,"

heard the story and it is going the rounds.

San Francisco Chronicle.

boys order."

the crowd gathered around and listened.

-Mrs. D. M. Jordan, in May Century.

Have passed since we lost the way To the beautiful buried treasure

At the end of the rainbow's wa

But love has been true and tender,

That made our day complete.

Washington Letter.

We started one morn, my love and I,

On a journey brave and bold; 'Twas to find the end of the rainbow,

And the radiant bow grew dim,

The twilight fell like a curtain Pinned with the evening star, And we saw in the shining heavens

Our love is a richer treasure

called meshash or hemp-houses. These are forhidden in most Moslem countries. But, though the law may prohibit, it cannot suppress these cook-book.

Utility Lady (hurrying in breathless, five minutes after the call for the distribution of And the buried bag of gold. But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,

parts for the new spectacular production)-What

row, carryin' a tin sword, first thing you knowl

templated summer garments. New York Mail and Express: Canes are car-

lining of silk or fine jean is accurately fitted, and then the outside put on pretty much according to convenience, taste, whim or imitative The directoire cost, which is simply a smooth

this world she didn't touch your father, did fitted princesse polonaise perfectly undraped, rolled back in wide revers and open all the way from throat to bem, is very good style for spring woolen gowns.

Colored out-of-door jackets and pelerines are certainly superseding black. Among the styles are loose-fronted jackets, with waistcoats and without; others tight fitting, with triple waistcoats and velvet revers, or otherwise handsomely braided.

Many lace empire-gowns are made of flowered chantilly net, either black or white, with a waist of full surplice folds over good black surah and

will be made of crepe, gauze, net, silk, lace or muslin, in black or white or colors, and worn either loosely knotted in front or with the ends crossed and fastened at the back under a wide

bills. They are, besides, very light, cool and durable, and are a really better choice than the more perishable novelties in summer fabrics that now crowd the shops. When simply made,

A feature of summer jackets is the introduction of a narrow pleating of silk the shade of the cloth, which goes on either of the loose fronts, the edges of the silk meeting like a ruffle down the center, and headed by a band of rich passementerie. For dressier wear are tiny pelerines and shoulder capes of corded silk. V-shaped front and back, and nearly covered with an embroidery of beads or beads and braid

The directoire, or empire gown, as worn in

He-What in blazes do you want to inter-rupt me for when I am just adding up a column of figures? Of course I love you! Confound it

"Because people will think that you are not Disappointed in Him. Miss Waldo (discussing books)-Your are familiar with Dickens's works of course, Mr. Mr. Wabash-Well-er-no, I've never read Dickens, but I heard him lecture not long age in Chicago. I don't think much of him. Nearing His Destination.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Meeting the Word on Its Own Ground.

Mr. Conningwell (who is doing a little shop-

Getting Even.

"Before I get a cape-coat like that thing you've got on." said Mr. Mossback, excitedly "I'll be found dead in a gutter."

"I think it extremely probable," replied Mr. Korton, peacefully, "several of your friends have told me you would, sooner or later."

Keeping Up Appearances.

"Now, John," said a wife who was going on a

journey, "when you bid me good-bye on the train,

you mustn't lift your hat or kiss me."

ping for Mrs. C.)-Where's the glove depart-

Tid-Bits.

ment, young manf

Floor-walker-Gent's!

Mr. Conningwell-No; lade's.

New York Sun. Passenger-Conductor, how far are we from Kansas City!
Conductor—We're there now, sir; just passed Eight-hundred-and-fiftieth street. Passenger-How soon will we get to the sta-

Conductor-It's about an hour's ride. He Realized It All. New York Sun. "If you had held yourself in check when you

were young," said a visitor to a State prison convict, "you might now be a useful and honored member of society."

"Yes, sir," eadly responded the unfortunate man, "if I had always held myself in check, I wouldn't now be held in stripe. Have you any chewing tobacco about you."

Too Much Activity.

The Epoch. Physician (to patient)—Your pulse is quite normal, Miss Spinster. Will you kindly allow me to look at your tongue? Miss Spinster (showing her tongue)—Certainly, Doct'r, um globble, was out t' fluneral lestidy an' glot-my-fleet wet an'-"

Physician-My dear Miss Spinster, if you will let your tongue remain quiet for a moment I

Paid for His Breakfast

New York Sun. Woman (to tramp)-Now that you have been given a good breakfast, can't you do something to pay for it? Tramp-Madam, you shouldn't say "you have been given a good breakfast." You didn't give me to any breakfast. You gave the breakfast to me. That is a bit of rhetorical information

that is cheap at a week's board. Earning an Honest Living.

Nebraska State Journal. "What are you doing for a living now-a-days?" "Writing humorous poetry for the magazines."
"Humorous poetry? I didn't suppose you could write anything funny." "O, my stuff is funny enough for the magazines.

"Where do you get your inspiration? "My room overlooks a grave-yard." Bothered by Domestie Affairs. New York Sun.

Robinson (to Brown, who is keeping three of Delmonico's waiters busy |-- I'm surprised to see you here, Brown. Brown (with a weary air)-Yes, sit down and have something. My folks are moving to-day, and instead of going home to dinner, I thought I would stop here and take in "Erminie" tonight. This moving business, Robinson, is

tough on a man. She Knew Him.

"Have you a stylish young girl you could rec-ommend me?" said a gentleman in an employ-"Excuse me, sir," said the affable manager.

but do you live in the corner house! "Yes; but why do you ask!"
"Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."

One of the Cook-Book Women. Somerville Journal.

"Madam," said the tramp impressively, "I am starving. For days no particle of food has passed my lips. I am dying with hunger. Will you not help me with a few cold victuals?" "Poor fellow!" said the young housewife sympathetically. "I am so sorry for you. I haven't a single thing to eat in the house, but I'll tell you what you can do. You can come in and sit down in the kitchen and read Mrs. Parlon's

Histronic Realities.

do I getf Stage Manager (promptly)—You get 50 cents fine for bein' late, and you're the Empress of India in the prologue and Queen of Night in the last act; and you don't want to show up in them dizzy old blue satin shoes again, for you've got to sit on a gold throne ten feet high and put your foot on the neck of the King of Persia in the last act. Now you come here to morrow at 10, letter perfect, or you'll be back in the second

FASHION'S FANCIES.

the arches very high between the ribs. Pure white hair of the best quality is so rare as to be worth more than its weight in gold. As to sleeves, high authorities differ, some declaring the plain sleeve passe and others that is is the height of style. Silk-lined black lace polonaises for wear over gay silks are among the most serviceable of con-

ried by women of fashion more and more, and at a reception lately the hostess received leaning on one like Lady Teazle, in "The School for Bodices are built rather than made. First the

straight plain skirt, with a hem and many tucks, amid which appear rows, and bows, and tags of watered ribbon. Fichus of all corts will play their part in sum-mer tollets, notably the Marie Antoniette, which

The pretty summer silks in sursh and louisine. in planded, striped, checked and floral patterns. are still highly popular with those who study economy in dress, as they do not entail laundry

these fabrics are appropriate for nearly every

London, is in two distinct parts, the under with round straight skirt, round, very short, with very low bodice, fully draped in front with soft diaphanous stuff and no siceyes, over which comes a long-trained carment falling open in front, high at the back of the bodice, very low in front and falling away in very broad reveal and elbow-sleeves, which are met by long gloves. If brocade is used for the train, the skirt is of shot moire; if for the underskirt, the train must

rock, and is cut smooth in every respect. The ax weighs three pounds, and was found sunk deep in the earth, where it had lain probably for all! Now I've got to add that whole column up | be of velvet, and altogether the effect must be simply gorgeous